ТНЕ EDUCATOR

Published every Saturday, in the Mc Intyre Building, Person Street FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION : - \$2.00 One Year, in advance, - -Six Months, in advance, - -1.00 Three Months, in advance - -50

POETRY.

On Receiving a Present from a Lady.

BY PHILO HENDERSON.

A way-worn pilgrim dying lay Far from the haunts of men, Where he had fallen on his way, O'ercome with woe and sin.

Fast gathering was the gloomy night O'er the dim wilderness, When down an angel bent its flight, The pilgrim lone to bless.

The gentle murmur of its wings, Breathed on his pallid brow, Soft as the soothing whisperings

Of some pure streamlet's flow. He turned his dim and glazing eye On its angelic face,

And there he met the sweet reply-He yet should win the race

The pilgrim's heart then warmer grew His eye regained its light, His fears and weakness from him three

And boldly braved the night. And on him beamed along his way The angel's smile divine, Until at last before him lay

The holy, long-sought shrine THE SABBATH

SCHOOL.

Marks of a Good Sunday School Scholar.

1. Promptness. He, or she, is at school and in his seat on time. He does not hang round the door, or lag behind, or creep in after the exercises have begun. Punctuality is his motto, and he sticks to it.

2. Regularity. He is never absent unless for the best of reasons

3. Readiness to take part in the exercises of the school. In singing, he sings, and sings heartily. In reading, he finds his place and reads distinctly. He is not afraid to have hivoice heard.

4. Perfect lessons. His recitations show that he has studied, that he understands, and that he wants to learn more about them.

- 5. An attentive ear.
- 6. A tender conscience.
- 7. A willing heart.

8. Remembering his contribution money. If the school have a weekly penny collection, as I hope it has, he has his money on land, and rever forgets to bring it.

9. He is devout in prayer, and tries to make the words of the superintendent in prayer his own words

10. When the school closes, he leaves his class and the school in an elbowing, or rushing, as some scholars do. He remembers that it is the Lord's day and the Lord's house, and behaves accordingly.

11. He cherishes a grateful and affectionate remembrance of his teacher and superintendent, and often thinks how kind it is in them to care for and take so much ' pains for his good.

VOL. 1. FAYETTEVILLE, N.C., NOVEMBER 28, 1874. NO.10. a very wicked boy in many ways. I never thought of God and heaven until I was very ill, and feared that I was dying. I was very miserable then. I remembered the days when promptly any items suited for this

I went to Sabbath-school, and there was taught that Jesus died on the cross that sinners might be saved. Then it pleased God to turn my heart to Him; and, though since blind, I am far happier than I ever used to be."

"How long have you been ill?" I asked.

"About half a year," he replied. he only loved Jesus, and was good and wish that all our young readers had patient, Jesus would love him, and the resolute will of John in the folwhen he died would take him to lowing incident: heaven.

I saw poor Henry very often. He was always very glad for me to talk tempted to a smoking and gambling of Jesus. He told me that he was saloon! so happy, for he felt sure that his sins were pardoned, and washed away by the blood of Jesus. He feared not to die, for he was sure that Jesus would be with him when he passed through the dark valley of death.

That valley was soon entertd by the poor blind boy. His last words were, "Happy! happy! Saved! saved!

IT IS MY MOTHER .- As the children belonging to a class in a Sabbath-school were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to loud: speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterwards asked him if they could remember the name of one person, that lived on earth; who was always good.

A sweet little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said in the full simplicity of her heart, "I know whom you mean-it is my mother." The teacher told the child that Jesus Christ was the adorable per-

son meant; but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good ploy our activities to extract from a mother, and that she valued her so them that enjoyment which is their highly.

The little one replied again, "O, she is good ! I think she was always toilsome, arduous and depressing, good." And when the teacher ob there is something worng; some of served that it was Jesus that had his faculties are restrained, while made her morher so good, and that others are overburdened; some of his he was willing to make her so, too, powers are exhausted, while others she could see, by the child's earnest are dorment. It is not rest so much and prayerful look, that it was the desire of her heart.

orderly manner, not pushing, gigling also that Jesus should make you fields of action, hitherto untrodden. good?" added the teacher. "If so, It will doubtless be difficult to apbe assured he is waiting to do so- ply this to all the details of practihe is waiting for you to ask him. How long must he wait? I think I portant step towards it if we apprecan even now hear you say,

'Jesus, fix my soul on thee, Every evil let me flee; Take my heart and make it good, Wash me in thy precious blood ?"

LIGENCE.

We respectfully invite any minister of the gospel to communicate to us department of the EDUCATOR. Every minister should subscribe. Address

> WADDELL & SMITH. FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO .--- If any young man will take heed to the Bible, as a guide in life, he will be saved from many fatal errors, and I prayed with him, and told him if from wrechedness and remorse. W?

> "I've got orders-positive orders -not to go there-orders that I dare

> "Come, don't be so womanish come along like a man," shoate I the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? come, show em to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper: "It's here," he said. un folding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked and read a-

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man .- Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and by His help, I don't mean to break them."

ACTIVITY LEADS TO HAPPINESS -We should all live more healthful, more useful and longer lives, says the Philadelphia Ledger, did we so emnatural and legitimate result. Let every one be sure that, if his work is as change that he reeds-not to lay down his work and fold his hands in "My dear children, are you willing idleness, but rather to embrace other cal life, but shall have gained one imciate and firmly hold to the truth, that real happiness can only be attained by activity of mind and body, and

RELIGIOUS INTEL. The last wish of a Slave. upon his countenance when the unex-BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Uncle Billy was always a character in the family. How well I remember his short, active figure, and the mingled affection and awe with which we children regarded him. He was given to my mother when

riage in which the bridal party performed the five days' journey which the hundred miles ride over the muddy roads of the time required. What wonderful changes have come since that day. The children of that fair bride rush over the road with the iron horse, while the descendants of that humble' faithful slave are freemen and citizens- What is in store for the next generation? Perhaps

wind. Perhaps the Africans of that day, forgetting that his race has been

Coming from "Old Virginny," as roundings.

A scream rose from every woman not long for this world."

Uncle Billy's services into requisition been de kindest master in de world; and I was dispatched to the wood an' I loved my blessed misstress. pile to deliver my mother's orders what's gone to glory; an'I loves ebry for dinner, which I fancy she did, one of dese chillun-I ain't got nothnot care to give herself; and I can in' else to love-but I is been wantdistinctly recall the indignant man- in' to be free all my life, and now I ner in which the old man shook his can do no more work, an' your poor head, as he laid aside his axe and ole negger is enterin' on eternity, prepared to go to the barn for fowls, and ain't no use to nobody. Please, Nothing more was heard from the master, set me free!" My father hastkitchen, until a most savory and com- ily ordered writing materials to le fortable meal was placed upon the brought-for he saw that live table, and I noticed the smile with was fast ebbing-and, making which my mother received the nut out the necessary papers as quickmerous compliments of her friends, ly as he could, handed them t-> as they discussed the dainty viands Uncle Billy, who pressed them to spread so lavishly before them, and his lips and his heart, then fixing his congratulated their hostess on having eyes with a loving confident gaze on such a cook. But late that night my father's face, said: "Read it, maswe were all surprised by Uncle Bil- ter." My father read the paper air and ride upon the wings of the ly's appearing, with an unusual gentle and submissive air, at the nursery door, and my mother, who was deeply attached to the old man, has- you, master," he said at last, gasping tily bade him come in and tell his out the words-"thank you, master." troubles. "I didn't think I'd say nothing 'bout it," said Uncle Billy last struggles, and the paper flutter-

Uncle Billy always proudly stated I is bleeged to. You see, Mistus, I wish was fulfilled-the slave was he and the rest of my mother's ser- was mad when I went to de barn for free. vants looked down upon the inhabi- dem chickens, and de fust thing. I tants of their new home in Western done was to clap the big door to on Virginia, because, I suppose, there my hand an' cut de eend of my little were but few slaves in that part of finger clean off. I was so mad 'bout the country, and though the place gittin' dinner I jest picked it up and was a thriving village in the midst of put it in my pocket, and did not say a fertile valley, perhaps the air of nothin'; but when I done clean up prodigal hospitality and lavish ex- de kitchen I stuck de eend on and pense to which they had been accus- tied it with a rag, but it do hurt bearing way, "Where is your matomed was lacking in their new sur- drefful bad." Uncle Billy narrowly ter?"

escaped lockjoy, and my mother Like all negroes, Uncle Billy de- nursed him faithfully through the spised what they termed "poor white long and weary illness that followed. trash," namely, such persons as were Those bygone years seem like a unable to own or hire servants and dream now, and Uncle Billy in the were forced to work with their hands. blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, In my childhood we lived in a brick which he always wore when driving house on the banks of a little stream the carriage, or on Sundays, is alwhich flowed in and throw the streets ways one of the prominent figures in of the town. Just behind our house the scene which memory brings bethe banks were very steep, and a fore me, and over which a cloud of bridge spanned the brook some twen- darkness seemed to fall like a pall ty feet above the channel. One of when the hour came in which our the carliest and best remembered young mother, the central figure of scenes in my life was of a crowd of all pictures of pleasure to us, was people on the bridge, where Uncle borne away to her long home, in the Billy had gotted into a fierce quar- prime of youth and womanhood. rel with a white mechanic who lived Uncle Billy, who was separated near us. Just as my father was sum- from all his early friends and his moned to the spot by the cries of the own people, loved her as his own other servants, the white man swore child, and seemed to pine away after he would "beat that nigger for his she was gone. He seemed to have impudence," and Uncle Billy threw lost all his spirit, and the other serhimself like a tiger upon him and in- vants, whom he had kept in awe of stantly sprang with him in his arms him, began to whisper to us and to the lesson. over the parapet on the rocks below. each other that the old man "was

present, and every one rushed to the The winter he died was a gloomy brink of the stream, fearing that one one to us all; the shadow of the great as large as ordinary kitchen gard anthe more fully and harmoniously all or both of the combatants had been sorrow that had befal en us hung o- and they account themselves very killed; but both had escaped unhurt ver the house, and it was like open- great indeed. The man of great will be our life, and the more real en- and, like the man and the bear in ing a fresh wound when we were esteem is like John R. in English the old story, each seemed content summoned to the death-bed of the history, who had not a foot of with his efforts and went slowly mov- old and faithful servant, who was so ground. The less the man's pos-Bunyan represents Mercy as laugh- ing off in opposit directions. A loud soon called to follow his, loved mis- session, often the man's greater selfmurmur arose in the crowd to "hang tress to the spirit-land. The whole possession. But in heaven there a ... knowing and loving and serving the how much suffering he may cause a think this, one feels inclined to laugh the nigger," and my father, who se- family had collected around the old no pauper princes. There they are poor innocent bird, or animal. for very joy of heart. Come! If cretly admired Uncle Billy's pluck man, and his eyes wandered from the rich to still the intents of him-Have you these marks, my child? What if he breaks a wing or a leg?-Examine yourself and see.-H. C. K. What if he breaks a wing or a leg?-he only laughs at the agony which he he only laughs at the agony which he have the it will soon be crowned farm, and sternly bidding him mount and rested lovingly on the children have their kingdoms. All things has caused. Boys never cultivate a consolation to you. Come! If his riding horse, which stood at the who had grown up around his knees, are theirs-the gifts of God-and such cruel disposition. Never cause you have had much to worry you door, sent him out of town and man- and seemed dearer than all of earth God is theirs. They are clothed anything that has feeling, pain if you through the day, let the sweet aged to dispense with his services to him. He was far from the scenes with honor and majestly-not ontcan possibly help it. I am afried if thought that you will soon be where until the affair had blown over. of his youth-pone of his kindred or wardly only but inwardly-and they you begin with tormenting the poor, not a wave of trouble shall ever cross Combining the various duties of friends were near-and he turned are all the concomitants that should wood-cutter, gardner and carriage piteously to my father, who stood he- go with royal dignity - [S ar injure your playmates and associates. solation to you. There is a throne driver, Uncle Billy was withal a fa- side him: "What is it, Billy?" said geon. Some have already been seen to in heaven that no one can occupy mous cook, though he disliked very my father, "Is there anything I can "Six things," says Hamilton, "the throw stones at poor boys just for but you, and there is a crown in much to exercise that talent, and his do for you?" "Yes, master," said ing." I saw that he was blind, and feeling deeply interested in him, I feeling deeply interested in him, I asked him where he lived. He told many men have been hung for mur- but yours, and there is a part in the positive ill-humor when the sickness wish, and it 'pears like I can't die till tegrity must be the architect, and time in the first cottage at the end of the lane. The next day I went to see him. The next day I went to see him. glory to God that would be wanting ment, and my mother often said know there is nothing that I would with cheerfulnass, and industry The next day I went to see him. His name was Henry. I found him were boys like you.—They commen-this name was Henry. I found him cod becoming cruel to animals first, if you did not come to render it, and laughingly that she did not know not do for you." "Master," said the must be the ventilator, renewing the listening to his sister reading to him and then to other boys and so, little there is a part of infinite majesty whether to be glad or sorry when dying man, rousing himself and fix. istering to his sister reading to his sister read his sister reading to his sister read his sis sister read hi I asked what he was thinking about? He said, "Before it pleased God to deprive me of my sight, I was, J fear A Station and S

you been ill-treated; have I ever been pected arrival of some friends, and harsh; has any one been unkind to the illness of the cook's infant called you?" "No, dear maser, you; you is aloud, and handed it back. No sound was heard in the room but the labored breathing of the old man. "Thank A few more deep-drawn sighs, a t. w in his sturdy tones, "but 'pears like ed no longer on his breast. The last

THE

Published every Saturday morning

RATES OF ADVERTISING :

one month " " six months, asin 2008.00 " " one year," 12.00 Yearly contracts with large dvertisers made on very liberal terms.

at \$2 00 per year in advance.

EDUCA

WHERE HE HAD THE ADVIS-TAGE .- Just at the close of the war of 1812 an English man-of war entered Boston. The captain was known as a bully of the first water. Entering a barber's shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present he demanded in an insolent and over-

"Not down yet, sir." It's all

"Well I want to be shaved." "Y.s. sir, I can shave you." "You?" "Y., "Well, you may try it, but sir." look here, my youngster, laying his loaded pistol on the table, "the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through, the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol, and remarked: "Wasn't you afried?" "No, sir" retorted the boy. "Didn't you believe I would shoot you?" 'Yes, sir." "Then way wasn't you afried?" The boy coolly replied: "because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy, with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear!" The bully turned pale, but never forgot

There are little princes in the world whose principalities are about

she was married, and drove the car-

THE EDUCATOR.

appeared to be quickly sinking; He not disobey," said a youth, who was they shall govern the currents of the

enslaved, shall carry republican principles to his native land and behold her rise to a place of power among the nations!

a christian land, knowing how many every dog, or pig, or bird he sees in Lord.

Blind Henry.

One summer morning in spring I took a walk in the country. I had not gone far before I met a boy and a girl. The girl made a curtsey to me, and touching the boy, told him to make a bow to me, which he did, and, looking up, said "Good morn-

The next day I went to see him.

A BAD MARK. -It is a bad sign 12. He thanks God for his birth in for a boy to be throwing stones at

children in pagan lands have none of the street. It shows that such a hoy. the opportunities which he has of has an unfeeling heart. He don't care

innocert brutes, you can after awhile

our powers are exercised, the fuller joyment will it yield.

ing in her sleeve. Truly, as we your peaceful breast, be a rich con-